Conditioned Response

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Conditioned Response

by DarkDreamsOfHannigram

Summary

Hannibal wants to exploit Will's particular emotional talents to give him more pleasure than he can probably cope with.

Notes

This is a sequel to Drained, where Will is made to cum many times, and Hannibal has videotaped the session.

See the end of the work for more notes

After the last time he was a guest in Hannibal's home, Will scarcely knew what to expect this night. He couldn't stop himself even if he'd wanted to. But this time, he was still trying to get over not only the humiliation at having been recorded by him last time Hannibal had fucked him, but also the fact that it excited him. Deeply. He thought about it every day. Did Hannibal watch the recordings? How many times? *Oh god... Had he masturbated to them?*

Several times since, Will had woken up in the middle of night, dreaming of seeing himself thorough Hannibal's eyes, and stroked himself, almost involuntarily. He'd cum so fast each time, the intensity of his orgasm making him shake.

But here he found himself, trembling behind the wheel, obeying Hannibal's polite (as ever) request to spend the night once again. An offer he couldn't refuse.

"Please, come in. You appear to be rather warm."

He'd felt his skin becoming flushed with pink heat as he'd walked up to the door. He had tried to take a few deep breaths in the warm night air to diminish it as he felt it creeping up his neck, obviously to no avail. Hannibal might not have the same empathic talents as he did, but he could unfalteringly tell when Will *wanted* and *needed*.

Hannibal led him to the couch in his sitting room, and poured him a glass of wine. He tried not to let his hands shake as he sipped it.

“Will, I have an exercise planned for you tonight. Something that will be therapeutic, in certain ways. To allow you to let go of the reservations you have, about your body, about feeling pleasure.” He touched Will’s knee, lightly, and the simple comforting gesture sent waves of feeling throughout Will’s body. He was remembering, going back to the pervious time they were together.

“Yes…you’re right in that I do have difficulties. With those things. What I don’t understand is how videotaping me last time will help me in overcoming them.”

"You must know I never do anything without reason. Let me show you.”

Will finished his wine, and allowed Hannibal to lead him up the staircase, to a room he’d never entered before, just a door down from the opulent master bedroom. He was surprised to see it was filled with monitors, and the recording equipment he used to film Will the last time. There was also a large and plush couch facing the largest screen, in the center of the room. On a nearby table there were objects familiar to Will; the glass plug he'd had used on him last time, Hannibal's preferred type of lubricant, and a metal cockring.

"You took footage of me from two angles, didn't you?"

"Yes. I have edited them together, using the best segments of each."

"Next you'll be telling me that you set it to music."

Hannibal smiled at Will's sarcasm, clearly a mental defense against his own anxiousness. "Of course not," he said pleasantly. "That would prevent hearing what you said. And what you sounded like."

Will opened his mouth to retort, but quickly closed it again, after he remembered pledging to be Hannibal's *fucktoy* on tape.

Before he could mentally process remembering this, and before he could think to protest, Hannibal started unbuttoning Will's shirt.

"I have a few things to ready. I trust you can finish the rest."

Will's hands moved as if by instinct to remove the rest of his clothes. He was trying not to think of this as being overly clinical, but Hannibal had yet to do more than touch him lightly. He thought of what he was about to see, how every part of him was recorded, how every act of penetration was put on display, and how many times Hannibal would have had to watch each second to edit the two videos together. When he started taking off his jeans, the realized that his recollections of the evening had made him start to become aroused, without even him noticing it. He began to wonder if this wasn't part of what Hannibal planned to do, to make him excited involuntarily, realizing, too late, that he was already close to losing control.

Hannibal had been doing something to the equipment, and when he turned around, he regarded Will dispassionately. He took the cockring, and brought it to where Will was standing. It was metal, but not as cold as Will would have expected when Hannibal slid it down his length. Again, beyond his own capacity to control his responses, but the time it was firmly in place, he was fully hard.

"I need you to get on your hands and knees, Will. Right here," he said, gesturing to the couch.

Doing as he was told reminded Will once again of being exposed before. He began to remember in vivid detail, almost beyond thought, and only the memory of sensation, of Hannibal's tongue opening him last time. When Hannibal spread him open, the recollection was so immediate, so strong, that he moaned audibly.

"You're very eager," Hannibal teased. While there was warmth in his voice, his touches were that same detached and methodical way that he'd put the cockring on Will. It was as if he was trying to take himself out of the equation, paradoxically, as he was still physically involved; Will was sinking further into the memory of the time before. He had the most uncomfortable familiar sensation of reconstructing a crime scene. Except it wasn't another's head he was getting into during a gruesome murder; it was merely his own, at a previous time. He didn't feel like he was just remembering. Something was different.

The feeling of the hard and smooth plug at his entrance made him remember Hannibal roughly entering him. He gasped as it was pushed inside of him, slickened as Hannibal's cock had been.

"You're doing very well," Hannibal said, reassuring but still absent-sounding. "Sit. I have something to show you."

Will complied, momentarily squeezing his eyes shut to block out the present; but the ring constricting his cock, making him stay erect, and the plug as it shifted inside of him as he sat, made it impossible. Yet he was also still remembering. The two were overlaid on top of each other, like a couple of transparencies. It was becoming difficult to separate them.

If he thought it had been tricky to do so when his mind was causing a flood of memories, it was impossible once Hannibal played the recording.

The editing had indeed been clever. At times, there was a long shot of his body as it trembled with pleasure, reacting to something; then the instigating force was shown. And other times, the finger or implement was shown being used on him first, in a close, tight shot, followed by his reaction. It had the effect on the viewer of initial confusion about exactly what was happening, followed by clarity, and revelation after revelation. Here was Will's body shifting and tensing, only to show that the cause was vibrations directly against his perineum, while the plug was inside; and there was a close up shot of the plug being removed, and his ass gaping a little, still made to stretch wider as he was impaled, slowly, by Hannibal's much thicker cock, followed by Will's back arching, wanting more.

He watched himself penetrated, over and over, and realized he was now seeing through Hannibal's eyes, and not his own sense memory. But if he concentrated, he could switch back and forth, just like the editing on the video. What Hannibal felt as he tongued Will's ass, so smooth and tight; and what he felt as his hole was opened like that. His ass being fingered and fucked, the head of Hannibal's cock against his prostate; and the hot slickness that Hannibal felt sliding inside.

Then there were the sounds; Hannibal's thighs meeting his own as he was fucked hard; Will's voice shaking as he tried to answer Hannibal's questions about how it felt to be *used* like this; Hannibal's snarling growls, Will's protests, and trying to not panic and to regain his breath. Hannibal telling him he was *perfectly ruined*.

And *oh god*…all the times he'd been forced to cum. First from the vibrator, then from Hannibal's mouth and hand, his long fingers massaging his prostate; a close shot of cum on his thighs, on his face. Both of theirs, and so, so much.

It was then that he finally jolted back into the present moment, to see Hannibal's hand around his painfully hard and flushed cock. His eyes flicked between the hand on the screen, working his length one last tortuous time, and his body spasming with a totally dry orgasm, and down to his cock now, which Hannibal was stroking so lightly. He was completely slick with what he initially thought was lubricant, but realized it was from leaking, mostly likely constantly, the entire time. The cockring would prevent any accidental ending to this session, but he knew that even without it, Hannibal could hold him so close to the edge of release, for as long as he desired.

The tape ended, and Hannibal asked: "Tell me how you feel. At this very moment."

Breathless, in halting speech, Will managed to explain: "I feel suspended between then and now. I can feel your hands on me then, and I can feel you in the present. It's like they're laced together somehow."

Hannibal stopped masturbating him, and stood. He extended a hand. Will allowed himself to be helped to his feet, on shaking legs, and to be led to the nearby bedroom. He sat him down on the edge of the bed, and began to undress, again methodically; Will reasoned he didn't want to knock him out of his strange state, which Hannibal evidently wanted him to be in.

After he was fully undressed, each piece of clothing laid carefully over a chair, Hannibal positioned himself between Will's knees. He gently held them up and apart, guiding them to rest on the tops of his hipbones. Will stayed still, again thinking of the last time he was in this position. Only now, Hannibal reached down, and eased the plug part of the way out of his ass, only to let it go, and let it settle back against Will's prostate. He did this a few times, removing it more and more, until the widest part was continually stretching Will's hole.

Finally, Hannibal removed it, and Will's head fell back as he felt his legs being raised; Hannibal was placing Will's ankles on his shoulders. He felt just as vulnerable and open as he had before. And the cockring was taken off of him, making him acutely aware of just how hard he really was.

"Do not stop concentrating on how you feel, Will. Think of what you felt then, as I drew each orgasm from you. Can you remember what it felt like to cum from the plug and the vibrator?"

"Yes...as clearly as if it was happening right now," Will breathed.

"That is perfect," Hannibal said darkly, as he entered Will with one long, relentless stroke.

Watching Will's face was almost more pleasurable to Hannibal than being inside of him. His ability to recreate feelings and emotions showed clearly as they played out on his face.

"Remember…," he said thrusting harder. "Think of my fingers going in and out of you, roughly, bringing you ever closer. Of my mouth on your cock. How the heat of you made me want you more."

"Yes, fuck, oh my god…" Will felt his abdomen burning and tightening…while before the constant touching had driven him mad, the lack of it now was doing the same.

"How you looked just before you let go. Your lips, bitten red by your teeth, and then breathing hard, your chest trying to expand with the need of your lungs and your racing heart."

"Fuck, Hannibal…I'm….I'm…"

"Yes, Will, just like that. Fall into that moment, let it drown you. Remember the feeling of cumming so hard, of being drenched by it, made to taste your own release…"

That did it. Will's back arched, changing the angle of Hannibal's cock inside of him just a fraction, and it sent him over the edge. Hannibal watched as Will's cock pulsed, and thick streams of cum, one after another, surged from his untouched cock. He kept fucking him slowly, until he was sure there was no more for Will's body to give up, and fucked him even beyond that, until he felt his body go completely limp. He didn't pull out of his ass, just rested there, still filling Will, unmoving.

“I…can’t believe I just did that…,” Will said quietly when he regained the ability to speak.

“If I am correct, you will be able to do just that any time you desire. Tell me what it felt like.”

As Will began to describe his experience, Hannibal moved inside of him, slowly at first, but then faster as the account became more detailed. It was sweet to him, hearing Will tell it, and knowing this was the first of many times. Will would soon be able to cum from just the feel of Hannibal’s cock in his mouth, just Hannibal’s voice, or his tongue probing him. Possibly several times in a row. It made him dizzy to consider the possibilities.

His own orgasm came upon him faster and harder than usual; when Will got to the point of describing what the blazing fire in his abdomen felt like, Hannibal began to feel it too; and soon, he was digging his fingernails into Will’s thighs, holding him as tightly as possible, and cumming deep inside of Will, who did not stop talking even for a moment, lost in the reconstruction of their consuming need for each other.

Hannibal pulled out of Will, moving his legs to rest on the edge of the bed. He leaned over his body, silencing him at last, with an ardent kiss full of expectation for things yet to be.

End Notes

Thanks to pugbug73 who gave me this prompt and always has the nicest things to say about my writing!

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